He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it.
Riu. A vertuous and a Criſtianlike conſuſion,
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Glo. So do I euer being well aduiſed,
For had I curſt, now I had curſt my ſelfe.
Catſ. Madame, his maieſtie doth call for you.
And for your noble Grace: and you my noble Lord.
Qu. Catsby, we come, Lords will you goe with vs,
Ri. Madame, we will attend your Grace. *Exeunt Ma. Cla,*
Glo. I doe thee wrong, and firſt began to braule,
The ſecret miſchiefe that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others.
Clarence, whome I indeed haue laid in darkeneſſe:
I doe beweepe to many ſimple guls:
Namely to Haſtings, Darby, Buckingham,
And ſay it is the Queene, and her allies
That ſtirre the K. againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall whet me
To be reuenged on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray.
But then ſigh, and with a piece of ſcripture,
Tell them that God bids vs to doe good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked villanie
With old od ends, ſtolne out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the Diuell.
But ſoft here comes my Executioners. *Enter Executioners.*
How now, my hardy ſtout reſolued mates,
Are ye not going to deſpatch this deed?
Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me.
When you haue done, repaire to Crosbie place:
But ſirs, be ſuddaine in the execution:
Withall, obdurate: doe not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pittie if you marke him.
Exe. Tuſh, feare not, my Lord we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured:
We come to vſe our hands and not our tongues.

Glo.

Glo. Your eyes drop milſtones, when fooles eies drop teares
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence Brokenbury.

Bro. Why lookes you Grace ſo heauily to day?
Cla. Oh, I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of vgly ſights, of gaſtly dreames:
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,
So full of diſmall terrour was the time.
Bra. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it.
Cla. Me thought I was imbarkt for Burgundie,
And in my company my brother Gloceſter,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches, there we looked towards England,
And cited vp a thouſand fearefull times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaſter,
That had befallen vs: as we paſt along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Gloſter ſtumbled, and in ſtumbling
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer-boord
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyſe of water in mine eares,
What vgly ſights of death within mine eyes:
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand fearefull wrackes,
Ten thouſand men that fiſhes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great Anchors, heapes of pearle,
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnvalued iewels,
Some lay in dead mens ſculs, and in thoſe holes
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in ſcorne of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which wade the ſlimie bottome of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay ſcattered by.
Bro. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of the deepe?
Cla. Me thought I had: for ſtill the enuious flood
Kept in my ſoule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the emptie, vaſt, and wandring ayre,

But